

· JUNE 1921 ·

Little Folks

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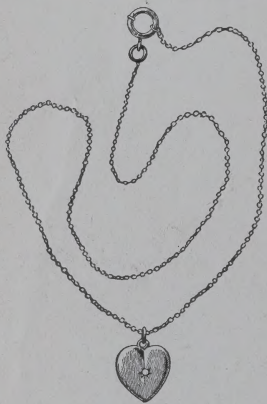


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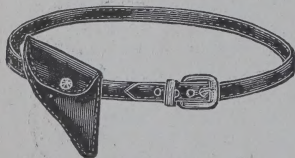
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This little gold-filled chain with its wee heart-shaped locket is just the right length and size for baby's soft little neck. The locket has a tiny pearl in the center. As a gift for some dear little baby you love, nothing could be daintier and prettier. And, you know, unless it's a ring or baby pins, a locket and chain like this is usually baby's first piece of jewelry.

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GAMES BOYS WILL LIKE

WELFARE FARM is a cut-out game, which is to be set up for play. You will find the animals, their barn, the farmer and his boy all ready to be cut out and arranged in the farm-yard. You can play all sorts of farm-games with them.

WORLD'S WORKERS is an interesting game. There are cards on which are printed the pictures of policeman, cobbler, fireman, grocer, miller, farmer, blacksmith, and carpenter, and with each is an appropriate verse. An envelope of crayons comes with the set, and with them you may color all the cards.

WELFARE ZOO is another unique cut-out, containing animals usually found in a zoo, and cages to put them into. This game has a puzzle feature for the animals must be recognized and matched up before they can be put into their cages—and even the caging is an unusual process, as you will see when your Zoo reaches you. Show pennants, and a large supply of tickets are included with the set, so that if Mother will make you some pink lemonade, and see that you have some buttered popcorn, and if you will make a tent of a shawl on two chairs or any other good way you know, you can invite your friends in to a real circus or an animal show.

HAV-A-LUNCH is lots of fun. You twirl an arrow, and wherever the arrow stops you take the dish named in the space as belonging to your lunch. More than that, each dish has a score number, and the total of the numbers you succeed in scoring wins the game for you or some other player. You can have all you want to eat, and some of you will think that you must have uncommonly large appetites to eat all the things your menu calls for.

THUMP is another good-fun game, in which you snap a colored shooter at a rebounding board. If your snap is good your shooter will bound back into a circle bearing a number, which is your score for that play. Of course, the one reaching a certain total score first wins the game.

SUNLIGHT GAME is somewhat similar, except that scores are arrived at in a rather different way, all explained in the directions for playing.

Your choice of any four of these games will be given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price, each, 15c.

Do your Xmas Toy Shopping early, by mail, with Little Folks, Salem, Mass



Something Important

DID you like the Letter Bag Special well enough to want another? We thought the letters were splendid.

The prize for the best story in the April contest goes by your vote to Muriel Telfer, for her story called *The Grapes Change Flavor*, and the prize for the best poem goes to Jos. L. Logan, for his poem called *The Flower Party*.

NEW GAMES TO PLAY

CROSSING THE BROOK

DRAW two parallel lines on the ground about two feet apart, and line the players up on a starting line about eight feet away. The player who stands first in the line runs forward and jumps across the "brook"—that is across the space of ground between the two lines that were made. When he is across, he turns around and jumps back again, this time making a standing jump. When every player has jumped, the "brook" is made wider by drawing a new line a few inches from the first one. After all the players have jumped this new "brook", widen the line again, and continue to make the "brook" wider each time the players have all jumped it. As soon as a player fails to cross the brook, he drops out of the game. The player who jumps the greatest distance is the winner. If a large number of boys and girls are playing this game it is better to "cross the brook" in groups of three or four.

RABBIT IN THE CIRCLE

The players stand in a circle, except one in the center who is called the rabbit. One at a time, each player tries to put his foot in the circle. The rabbit tries to tag him before he can withdraw his foot. Another jumps into the circle. The rabbit tries to tag him before he can jump outside again. Some jump in and out of the circle and all try in every way they can to make the rabbit active in the game. Any player, whom the rabbit may touch becomes a prisoner and must

go into the circle and help tag the others. This game is the most fun when there are a goodly number of players, and for that reason picnics and campfire-parties are good places to play it.

YARDS OFF

Two players are chosen, one to be the spy and one to be stick thrower. All the players stand grouped around a goal, while the stick thrower throws a stick as far as he can from the goal. As soon as the stick touches the ground, all the players, including the thrower, but not the spy, scatter and hide. The spy must walk to the stick without turning, take it up, bring it back and stand it up, resting it against the goal. Then he starts out to hunt for the hidden players. He must run back and touch goal for any player he may discover, saying, "One, two, three for—" naming the player. Anyone caught in this way becomes a prisoner at goal. Any player who is not so discovered may run to the goal at any time, throw the stick away and so free all the prisoners, who may run and hide again. Whenever the prisoners are freed in this manner, the spy must return to the goal, walk to the stick, pick it up, carry it back, and set it up against the goal as before, and go on with the game. This continues until the spy has touched the goal for all the players, though they need not all be prisoners at once. Any player spied who reaches the goal before the spy, is out of the game. The last one caught becomes the spy for the next game.



Altoona, Pa.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little boy eight years old. I got Little Folks for my Christmas present, and I can hardly wait until I get it every month, I like it so much. I have read the letters and like them very much. I go to school every day and I won't miss for anything. I take lessons twice a week on the violin. I have one brother, who is twelve. He takes piano lessons. I won a prize for being the best writer in my room at school. I go to the Stevens school, which is considered to be the best in Altoona. It is all fire-proof. My address is 131 Crawford Ave., and I hope I shall hear from some of you soon.

Furman Walters.

Lakewood, Ohio.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for four years and love you very much. I am almost twelve and in the seventh grade. My big sister took you when she was little, and I like to read the old copies. I have been to the Art Museum in Cleveland. Lakewood is a suburb of Cleveland, and we go shopping there. There are many interesting things in the Art Museum, many beautiful paintings and statues. There is one statue that I like. It is a little boy holding two turtles. He is laughing and everyone who passes the statue has to laugh, too. In one room are coats of mail and all sorts of weapons of war which were used in the Middle Ages. They have a Children's Room at the Museum, in which are many pretty things. The building is very large, and is of marble. There is a statue of The Thinker on the steps. I would like to receive letters from anyone.

Martha Slusser.

Bannon, Ariz.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a boy who lives in the foot-hills of the White Mountains of Arizona. There are bears, deer, coyotes, wolves and many kinds of birds here. I would appreciate very, very much hearing from any

number of you who are over ten years old. My address is Floy, Arizona.

Berton Gillespie.

Eureka, Calif.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for three years. I think you are a dandy magazine. I always read the "Letter Bag" first. I read the poems, stories and then the advertisements. Eureka is in Humboldt County, which is noted for its big redwoods. Many people visit Humboldt County to see these redwoods. When you try to look up to the top of a redwood tree, you just about break your neck. It seems as though the tops were up in the sky. Every summer our family goes camping. Once we went to Oregon. There are seven children in our family. The eldest is seventeen and the youngest is two years old. I am twelve. My birthday is August 26. We have a jolly time at Christmas because our family is so big. Its lots of fun to see how surprised the little children are when they see the Christmas tree. "Little Folks" is a present I've received for three years at Christmas. One year I got "The Children's Magazine," too. That is a dandy magazine for children. If I were offered a present, I'd want "Little Folks" or "Children's" before anything else. I love to read. Whenever Mama can't find me, she knows I'm somewhere reading. We have an attic, and there is a nice, comfortable bed up there. That's where I take my magazines and books to read. Last summer one of my sisters and I went down to the southern part of California, to San Diego, to visit some of our relatives. My aunt had a few orange trees and some fig trees. There were four or five ripe oranges, so my sister and I ate them. We had a lot of fun down there. I am in the seventh grade at school. I go to the Winship Intermediate School, which is just for the seventh and eighth grades. I wish some readers would please write to me. I live at 1296 "E" st.

Frances Harper.

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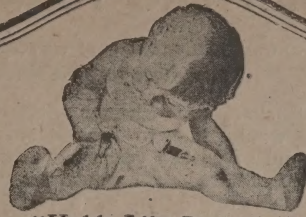
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SOMETHING TO WRITE TO OTHER READERS

Owing to the great number of correspondence requests on hand, the Editor asks you not to send any more until a notice that you may appears in Little Folks.

Blendine Rucker, 624 Eleanor St., Knoxville, Tenn., would like to hear from girls between ten and seventeen years old anywhere in the United States or Canada, especially those living near the ocean or a lake. She would also like to hear from girls living in Australia, Japan, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands.

Alice Horton, R. R. 1, Hornick, Iowa, would like to hear from someone in California. Alice has no brothers or sisters, and no playmates living near, so she is lonesome and would like letters. She will write to anybody who can guess her middle name: B-i-s.

Francis D. Smith, R. R. 3, Madrid, Iowa, would like to hear from nine-year-old readers.

Louise Sheckells, Box 354, Mt. Rainier, Maryland, would like to hear from any twelve or thirteen-year-old boys and girls, as she has no one to write to.

Louise Magoon, 20 Wilson Ave., Waverly, Massachusetts, twelve years old, would like to correspond with girls of eleven or twelve in some other state.

Chattie Stack, Monroe, N. C., would like to correspond with a girl of eleven or twelve living in New England or the Western states.

Virginia Thatcher, 263 Elm St., Oberlin, Ohio, would like to hear from any little girls ten years old, and will answer all the letters that she receives.

Ruth Buchanan, 67 Budlong St., Hillsdale, Michigan, would like to hear from ten-year-old girls anywhere.

M. Isabel Willcox, 61 Union St., Ridgewood, N. J., would like her twin to write to her. Her birthday is July 27th, and she is thirteen years old.

Dorothy C. Hiller, Box 63, Oakville, Iowa, would like to hear from some little girl whose birthday is February 17th.

Christine M. Ingram, 19 Parker St., Newbury, Mass., would like to hear from girls of thirteen in Georgia, Texas, Mississippi, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Alabama and Canada. She would like them to tell her in their letters, when their birthdays are.

Martha Gresham, 218 N. Stoddard St., Sikeston, Missouri, would like correspondents between the ages of eleven and fifteen living outside the U. S. and Canada.

Frances Isabel Ross, whose nickname is Jim, and whose address is 419 North Esplanade, Leavenworth, Kansas, would like to hear from a ten year old girl anywhere.

Hazel Clark, Wheaton, Kansas, would like a girl or boy in the fifth or sixth grade to write to her.

Margaret Stevens, 8 Maxwell Road, Winchester, Mass., would like to have someone in some other state write to her.

Annis Doane, thirteen years old, whose address is Box 17, Beaufort, N. C., would like

to hear from any readers who were born on April 8, 1907.

Olive Swain, 10 John St., Chelsea, Mass., would like to hear from a boy or girl eleven years old.

Adeline Holtzclaw, Utica Institute, Miss., would like to have correspondents in Saratoga Springs, and in Boston, Mass.

Helen Bliss, 138 10th St., N. W., Mason City, Iowa, would like to hear from girls or boys in Iowa, Florida or Washington, D. C.

Sarah Ewart, Crane and Fillmore Sts., Topeka, Kansas, would like to hear from readers in Chicago, Illinois, in New Orleans, La., and in San Juan, Texas.

Mary Adams, Westport, Conn., would like to hear from a little girl who lives in New Jersey or Mississippi.

Catherine Best, 789 Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, would like to hear from girls between ten and twelve in the Philippines, or the Hawaiian Islands, and from any of the states in the union.

Ruth Sibley, Huntsville, Ohio, R. F. D. 1, would like to have any girls her age—twelve—write to her. She will answer all letters.

Elsie L. Burson, Lore City, Ohio, would like to hear from any girl or boy whose birthday is the seventeenth of February, like hers.

Anna Bowlby, Friend, Nebraska, would like to have someone write to her. She is eleven years old.

Mildred H. Tout, Orland, California, Star Route, who is eight years old, would like to hear from any readers. She has some interesting pets.

Homer White Peach, Box 167, Sherburne, N. Y., would like to hear from a boy in N. D. or S. D.

Elizabeth Manston, Carleigh Heights, Anne Arundel Co., Md., eleven years old, would like to hear from a girl in N. C. or Fla.

Jane Matlock, 1510 East St., Grinnell, Ia., would like a ten year old boy or girl to write her from San Antonio, Texas.

Gladys Wilder, Coverdale, La., would like any girl who is in the ninth grade to write her, except girls from La.

Virginia Clark, 210 Murray St., Elizabeth, N. J. would like to hear from a little girl in Japan.

Lura M. Day, Route A, Box 55a, Escalon, Calif., would like to correspond with some girls aged twelve or thirteen in Colo. and Maine.

Elise Eppes, 8 Cedar Lane, City Point, Va., would like to hear from a girl eleven, twelve or thirteen years old, living in Wyo., or Tex., on a ranch.

Sibyl Joy Black, Bishop, Okla., would like a little girl about ten years old, living in Colo., to write to her.



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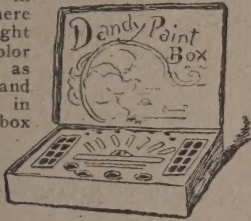
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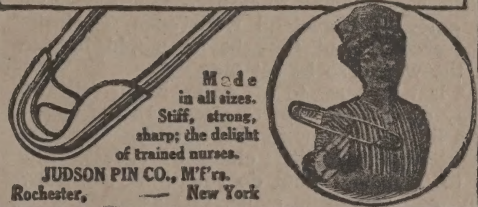
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SOMETHING OTHER READERS HAVE WRITTEN

EVERY other month, we will print as many of the best stories and poems submitted by our readers as the page will hold.

We will give prizes for the best poem and for the best story, and you, yourselves, may help to choose the prize-winners by filling out the coupon at the bottom of the page.

Here are the rules you must observe:

1. Write with ink, upon one side of the paper only.
2. Stories must not be over 300 words long, nor verses over 8 lines—your own work.
3. Put your name, age and address at the top of the first page, with the number of words.
4. Contributions for the August contest must reach the Story Contest Editor, care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass., by June 10th. (There will be no contest in July).

WHEN CURIOSITY SLIPPED OUT

By Helen D. Treadway, Newton, Ohio.

Once in the times of the fairies, there lived a little cupie named Curiosity. One day when the gates of Cupieland were open, Curiosity discovered it and thought he would like to see the world, so he set out.

At last he came to a wood. Night fell and he lay down and went to sleep. In the morning a little girl came to pick flowers. Her eyes caught sight of a little clump of violets. She ran to them and what do you think she saw? Why, our own little cupie, fast asleep.

"I'll take him home for my very own," she cried, picking him up. She put him in the tiniest cradle you ever saw. It was just big enough for curiosity, for he was no bigger than your thumb.

When he waked up, Curiosity wondered where he was. He climbed over the side of the cradle and wandered about the room. He spied a mouse-hole. He crawled through.

"Surely, this leads somewhere," said he. It did. It led to the kitchen of the house. He went in. He smelled something very nice. He climbed up the cook's apron strings. Just then the cook began to stir the soup. In popped Curiosity, head first. The cook jumped back with a scream because he had splashed the soup in her face.

"Ouch!" cried Curiosity. "I shall melt."

"What's this?" And the cook took him up in her spoon.

STORY CONTEST COUPON

I think the best story on this page is _____

I think the best poem on this page is _____

My name is _____

The little girl came running into the kitchen. "That's my cupie," she said. "However did he get in here?"

After he was bandaged up and laid in his cradle, he said, "No matter if my name is Curiosity, I don't want to see any more."

He had forgotten the way back to Cupieland, but he never went again to the kitchen.

SUMMERTIME AND WINTERTIME

By Madeleine Cassino, Salem, Mass.

In summertime when the bathing's fine,
I like to take a little dip;

In wintertime, when the weather's fine,
If this I try, Jack Frost will nip.

THE FROG AND THE TURTLE

By S. Abbot Hutchinson, Lynn, Mass.

Once upon a time the frog and the turtle began to quarrel. The frog said he could hop the fastest, and the turtle said he could run the fastest. So they finally decided that the only thing to do was to have a race.

They told all the stream and wood-folk that the next day they would have a race. So the next day all the stream and wood-folk assembled to see them race. Finally all was ready and off they started.

The frog soon got ahead of the turtle and he would have won the race, but just as he got near the goal line, he stopped. He had been out of the water so long that his skin was cracked. So the turtle won the race after all.

ON A DREARY DAY

By Phyllis Gilman, Swarthmore, Pa.

The day is very dreary,
But my heart is never weary,
For with *Little Folks* I play
All through the cloudy day.

SPECIAL SUMMER MAGAZINE BARGAINS

BY special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to offer you these cut-rate nine-month subscriptions, which will enable you to secure your favorite magazines for the lowest price, until fall. There are also a few excellent 12-month offers.

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THE MISSING DRUM HAD ARRIVED
(See page 390)

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIV

JUNE, 1921

No. 8

LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE SUSAN

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK

IT was old Mr. Dusenberry's custom to take long walks in the poor parts of the city every morning long before the rich people were awake.

The homeless poor and the laborers and this odd Mr. Dusenberry generally had the city to themselves at such hours. Mr. Dusenberry wore a shabby coat and an old slouch hat and the poor took him to be one of themselves, while the laborers were too busy to notice him. Old Mr. Dusenberry never had a friend to talk with until he made the acquaintance of Make-believe Susan, a little girl of Mulberry Alley who was always astir at the break of day.

Susan's father worked in a factory a long distance from the tenement where he and his little girl had their two shabby rooms, and he was obliged to start very early, and as little Susan was his housekeeper she had to be up by dawn or before. After her father went there was a very long day to be lived through; and if Susan had not been just the sort of Susan she was, I do not know what would have become of her!

Mr. Dusenberry's first meeting with Susan was so delightful that he chuckled over it for days after, and on the next pleasant morning he walked through Mulberry Alley again.

Mr. Dusenberry had seen little Susan first just at sunrise, sitting upon the curb, dabbling her bare brown feet in the water that a generous watering cart had sent flowing in the gutter. Susan was very pretty, and the rapture on her small face was out of all keeping with her surroundings.

"Little girl," said Mr. Dusenberry, "why are you out here sitting on the curb with your feet in that dirty water?"

Susan looked up with a roguish laugh on her little face.

"I ain't a little girl," she said, "I'm a big lady; and this ain't the curb—it's the seashore; and the water ain't dirty—can't you see how white and high the waves are?"

"Well," said Mr. Dusenberry, "you are fond of the ocean, aren't you?"

A serious look came up into Susan's eyes. "I've never seen the ocean, sir," she said, "but the Fresh-airers tell me about it, and when Father was a little boy he used to live by the sea in England. Sundays, Father tells me all about his sea—I guess you never forget the sea," she finished with a wistful sigh.

"I do not think one ever does," said Mr. Dusenberry. "Have you never been a Fresh-airer?"

"No, sir. I'm always too healthy. With measles and whooping-cough and scarlet fever often in our house I never catch a thing! Father says it's all right, for we're too poor for those luxuries."

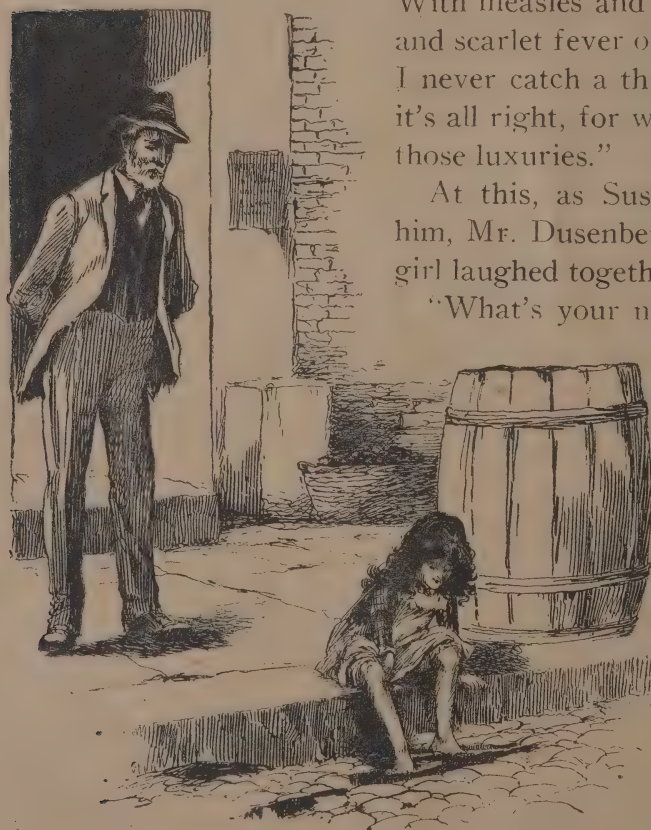
At this, as Susan looked up at him, Mr. Dusenberry and the little girl laughed together.

"What's your name, my child?"

Mr. Dusenberry asked.

"Just Susan Martin, sir, but Father calls me Make-believe Susan because I'm always seeing things better than they be."

"Just so!"



MR. DUSENBERRY'S FIRST MEETING WITH SUSAN.

said Mr. Dusenberry. "I thought as much. Now Susan, here is a new ten-cent piece, and my name is Mr. Dusenberry; if you know me the next time you see me, I'll give you another dime."

"I'm afraid that you are too poor, sir, to give away so much money," said the little girl, eyeing the shabby coat.

"Well, I think I can spare this dime," said the man; "and I bet you will not know me the next time you see me and so I may not have to give you another, you know."

Two days later, Mr. Dusenberry was walking down Mulberry Alley again. It was a little later than before, but Mulberry Alley was very quiet for that stirring neighborhood, and Susan was nowhere in sight. Suddenly a sweet voice up in the air startled him.

"Good morning, Mr. Dusenberry! I'm coming down to get that dime!"

The old gentleman looked up, and sure enough there was Make-believe Susan dangling a little wooden bird-cage, with a canary in it, from the third story to the window below at which a few brave red geraniums were struggling to live worthily in a green box.

"Well, well!" laughed Mr. Dusenberry. "Good morning, Susan! I've got your dime. Come down, little maid!"

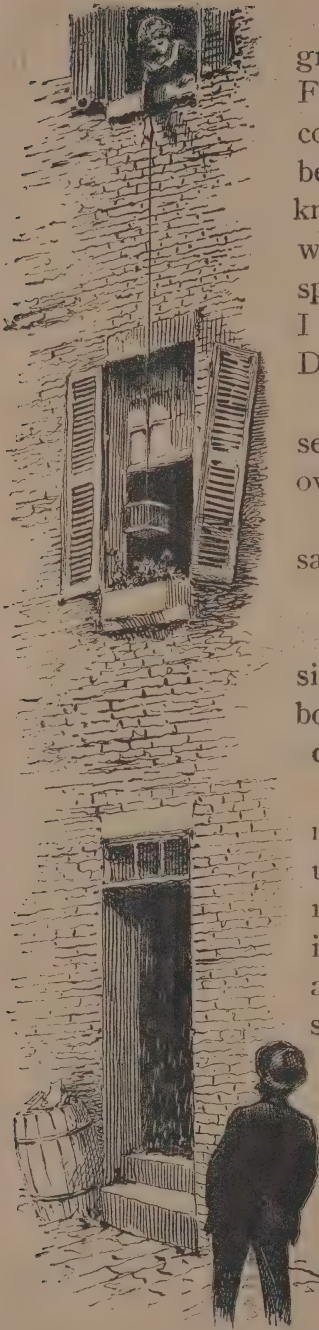
In a moment Susan was there on the pavement beside him.

"I don't want the money sir," she said. "I'm sure you are almost as poor as Father and I. I only wanted you to know that I remembered."

The old hand smoothed the dark, curly head. "Now what were you doing with that poor little bird, Susan?" asked the kind voice; "frightening him, I am afraid."

"Oh, sir," cried Susan, "I wouldn't do such a cruel thing to my dear Dickey Yellowtop! I let him down every morning into Mrs. Hogan's flower box. Then Dickey thinks he's been in the country and sings about it all day. He tells me *such* pretty tales!"

"Well, what is Yellowtop's best tale, Susan?" asked Mr. Dusenberry.



"Oh! Dickey tells me of the loveliest green country out somewhere, and Father's going to be gardener of the country like he was in England long ago before I was born, and Dickey says he knows I'm going to be in this country along with Father, and the sea's going to be spread all around us, and—and everything I want awful much is going to be there. Did you ever see the ocean, sir?"

"Several times, my child," said Mr. Dusenberry, as he pulled his old hat down over his eyes.

"I suppose it's mighty handsome, sir?" said Susan.

"It's a grand sight, little Susan."

"You're breaking the rim of your hat sir," continued Susan, and at that they both laughed.

did not see Susan, and when next he

For several days after, Mr. Dusenberry met her it was unexpectedly and in a most unlikely place. He was walking up Terrace Court late in the afternoon dressed in his afternoon clothes and looking like a very fine old gentleman indeed. Susan saw him before he saw her, but did not recognize him at all. Mr. Dusenberry saw her the next moment and knew her at once and wondered what in the world she was doing, running up and down before the close-shut elegant houses whose owners were out of town.

"She's got an old watering-pot," he said at last, "and she's filling

it at the hydrant. Well, what a very

THERE WAS MAKE-BELIEVE SUSAN!

comical child this Make-believe Susan is!" Then he went nearer.

"Susan!" Mr. Dusenberry called.

The little girl almost dropped her full can, for although she did not recognize the elegant gentleman, the kind voice thrilled her.

"Why—why!" she faltered, "you would have caught me this time if you'd offered another dime! Have you been getting rich?" There was a world of wonder in the keen little face.

"No. I've only changed my clothes, Susan! that's all. I'm Mr. Make-believe Dusenberry now."

The man on the high sprinkling cart stopped his horses, so surprised was he to hear the splendid old gentleman and the shabby little girl laugh merrily together in the empty street.

"Susan, tell me this minute what you are doing with that watering pot?" said Mr. Dusenberry.

"Why you see, sir," said Susan, "the rich folks always go away and forget their front-yard flowers; and Father lets me come to meet him and I bring my can along, and the waterman lets me fill it at the hydrant. When I water the poor flowers they think it is a shower, and they are that glad to see me you cannot guess! There's a patch of pansies down by the corner and they begin to laugh the minute they see me—every one has a different face and they're the cutest things you ever saw."

"I can imagine their joy, sweet Susan!" Mr. Dusenberry said in a new voice.

"Have you a cold, sir?" asked Susan.

"No, my child, but I have a full heart and that often affects the voice. To think, Susan, that I have only found you just now!"

"Why, sir, I'm not lost! Father always knows that I will be on this block. He'll come ten minutes after the whistles blow. I always wait here. Were you in Mullberry Alley looking for me? Father and I are going to have a lark tonight, sir. Father and I are going to the Park, and we're going to buy our supper at a stall!"

Something dropped with a ring in the watering-can, but before Susan could look in Mr. Dusenberry had passed on. Down in the water went the eager little hand, and out it brought—a silver dollar!

“Good-by, Mr. Make-believe Dusenberry!” shouted Susan. Mr. Dusenberry waved back, and then the watering-cart man and Susan had the block to themselves.

It was a week after this that Susan’s father came home from the factory one afternoon with the strangest look upon his face that his little daughter had ever seen there.

“Susan,” he said, “I’ve had the biggest offer of my life. I can’t tell you anything tonight, lass, but tomorrow you and I are going to have a run out in the country, and if—and if we like it, we’re going to stay.”

Susan could hardly sleep that night. It scared her to have Father make-believe. She was up next morning by daylight, and to her surprise very early she and Father really started for “a run out in the country.” They took the “run” in a fast big noisy train. So new and tremendous was the sensation that Susan could not make-believe anything during any part of the journey. Out of the hot dusty city they flew like mad, and then suddenly the air became fresher, and for the first time in her life Susan saw the—country!

“Father!” she gasped, clinging to his work-worn hand, “Father, look at the bigness of the green-ness! and look at the emptiness! Where are the people? And oh! Father, what is that shining and dancing way off there? Is it—oh! is it—” Susan dared not ask the question.

“It’s the sea, my lass!” said Susan’s father.

After that neither the little girl nor the man spoke for a long while. Then Susan said with a quiver, “I wish I had brought Dickey Yellowtop, for this is better than he ever dreamed in Mrs. Hogan’s window-box!”

“He’s under the seat!” said Susan’s father.

Susan dived down to see. There he was, in the old wooden cage, covered with a brown paper, quiet as a mouse.

“I thought he was the lunch!” laughed Susan, pulling the



"HAVE YOU BEEN GETTING RICH?" ASKED SUSAN

cage out into the light where she could look in and see him.

"Peep!" said Yellowtop indignantly. "Lunch, indeed!"

Presently the train slowed up at a wayside station and stopped. Out stepped Susan, Yellowtop and Father upon the platform.

Then above the confusion a clear well-remembered voice called, "This way, little Susan!"

Could it be? Yes; it was dear Mr. Make-believe Dusenberry! There he sat in a high cart, and he was beckoning to Susan and her father.

Susan was sure now that she was dreaming, but while the glory lasted she was just the girl to make the most of it!

Up in the cart she scrambled with Yellowtop, and Father got in behind. Away they went. Surely the dream would not last long at that rate. Then Susan saw the sea again, and they went toward it faster and faster. Great green trees arched overhead; hundreds of birds bade Yellowtop welcome, and al-

ways that dancing sea lay before. And now suddenly, Susan heard it calling in great deep voice: "Come! come, Susan! come!"

"I'm coming!" breathed Susan.

"Do you think you are making believe, sweet Susan?" Mr. Dusenberry's voice sounded through the dream.

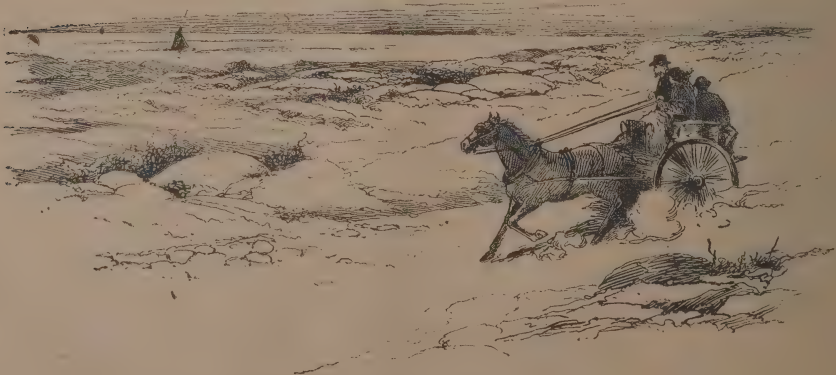
"I do not know, sir," breathed Susan.

Then they stopped at a vine-covered gate-way, close to a dear little cottage, and through the open door Susan caught her first glimpse of—home!

Beyond the gates were velvety lawns and a great mansion such as Susan had once seen in an English book, and beyond that still lay the bewitching sea, calling, calling.

Little Susan knew that Mr. Dusenberry was talking to her, and she knew that Father was talking to her. She knew Father was to be gardener in Mr. Dusenberry's green parks and gardens; she knew dear Yellowtop was to live in that gold cage among the vines; she knew she was to be Father's house-keeper in the cottage by the gate. She knew she was always to hear the sea calling, calling. But still the little girl stood looking for it all to vanish! "Oh, sir," she cried suddenly, to Mr. Dusenberry, "tell me true—were you Mr. Make-believe Dusenberry in the old coat or the new?"

"In the old coat, sweet Susan," Mr. Dusenberry said.



THEN SUSAN SAW THE SEA AGAIN.



BY A. E. TYNAN

THERE were two boys, the story goes,
That lived by Zuyder Zee,
And they were bad as little boys
In wooden shoes could be;
One's name was Caspar Brinkerhoff,
And one's was Tice Van Vlay.
One night an awful wind came up
And blew those boys away!

It blew them up, it blew them down,
It whirled them round about,
It whisked their stockings, pantaloons,
And jerkins inside out;
And when it set them on their feet—
Most awful to relate—
Young Caspar's lanky hair was curled,
Young Tice's fuzz was straight!

The Lost-Boy-Man went ringing round,
But could not find out where
The sportive wind had taken time
To land that naughty pair;

From Amsterdam to Rotterdam,
 Long miles to Zuyder Zee,
 "A boy with pea-green jacket on!
 And one with blue!" cried he.



AN AWFUL WIND

The people all came staring out;
 "They've not been by," they said,
 "But two have passed—one dressed in grey,
 The other one in red."
 "The two I seek wore green and blue,
 And both wore yellow hose!"
 The people shook their heads, and said,
 "These two wore none of those."

So on and on to Rotterdam,
Where strange new sights they see,
Those naughty boys go seeking
For their homes by Zuyder Zee.



THE LOST-BOY-MAN

At last they sat them on a stone
And wept and wept, and then—
The sportive wind looked down and laughed
And picked them up again!

It blew them up, it whirled them round,
And—so the stories state—
Put back the kink in Tice's hair
And made young Caspar's straight.

It turned their clothing *right-side out*,
Then whistled them "Good-day!"
And setting them upon their feet
Went laughing on its way.

The Lost-Boy-Man in going home
Sat down to take a rest;
He thought it looked a bit like rain,
He glanced from East to West.



SEEKING FOR HOME

Hi! what was that far up the hill?
What?—did his eyes see true?
"Two boys with yellow hose!" he cried,
"And jerkins green and blue!"

The Lost-Boy-Man, he brought them home
 All dusty, dragged and worn;
 A bee had stung young Caspar's nose,
 Young Tice's hose were torn
 Their mothers went to get the straps—
 Enough is surely said!
 And—legend adds—those two small boys
 Went supperless to bed.

They say that Tice became so good
 He wouldn't even shout;
 That Caspar never wore his shoes
 Nor knickerbockers out;
 That every time the merry wind
 Came laughing from the shores,
 Those boys would run and run and run
 Until they got indoors.



WHO CAN TELL?


























DO you think that little Christopher C.,
 When he used to climb up on his papa's knee,
 Ever dreamed of "discovering" over the sea?
 How d'you know but a great thing will happen to *me*!





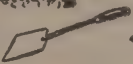
Ella Farman Pratt





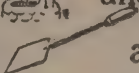





The Wonderful Journey of Peter and Little Dog Trip





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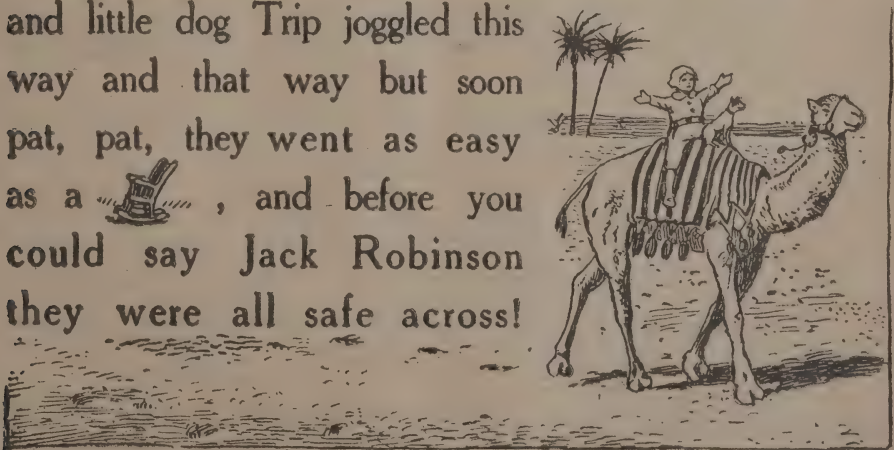


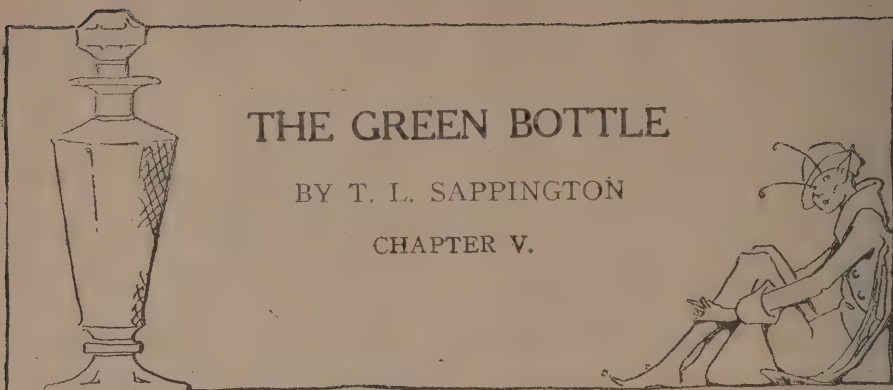
HO! How hot it was! The  shone and as far as Peter's  could see, there was nothing but sand. "So this is the end of our journey!" cried . "We have no big  and no  and not even a  to carry water for a drink. We can never get across the hot sand!" "Trust me," said . So away they went till they heard somebody crying, and there was a  and under it a  and a  and Mr.  and Mrs. Camel and little Billy  crying as hard as he could cry. "And what is the matter, Mr. ?" asked . "Why," said , "Mrs. Camel was frying the  for breakfast and she came out to get a  of water and dropped the pancake-turner down the !" "But why don't you get it again?" asked . "Because the  is dark and deep," said , "and the  is caught on a  and we can't reach it, and the  will all be burnt to a crisp!" "Dear, dear!" said . "But my master is little

and so am I. Do you give us a  and put us both in the  and let us down the , and I will hold the  and he will get the .

So Mr. Camel hurried and got a  and put them both in the  and let them down the  and little dog Trip held the  and Peter got the  and up they came with it, and Mrs. Camel ran and turned the  before ever they were burnt at all! "One good turn deserves another," said . "Is there anything I can do for you?" "We'd like to get across the hot sand," said . "To be sure," said Mr. Camel. "I will kneel down and you shall get up on my  and pat, pat, I will take you across as easy as a .

So  knelt down and  and little dog Trip got up on his . Then, bump, bump, Mr. Camel stood up and Peter and little dog Trip joggled this way and that way but soon pat, pat, they went as easy as a , and before you could say Jack Robinson they were all safe across!





THE GREEN BOTTLE

BY T. L. SAPPINGTON

CHAPTER V.

AND when he came in sight of the lake, he saw that his guess about the dragon-fly liking to stick around lakes was correct, for there, clinging to a tall pussy willow, was an enormous dragon-fly; and on a broad lily leaf just below him crouched the Princess Petaletta, looking much terrified. When she saw Tommy she stretched out her arms and called to him piteously. And Tommy called back and told her to cheer up.

"I'll get you off that leaf in a jiffy," he said. "I'm going to wade out to you. And as for that old dragon-fly, if he tries to stop me I'll give him something he won't like."

And when he said that the dragon-fly never answered a word. It just wiggled its pop eyes, and fluttered its gauzy wings, and looked dangerous. And then when Tommy had waded out to the lily leaf where the lemonade was almost up to his chin, the dragon-fly with a horrid buzz let go of the pussy willow and darted at him. The Princess Petaletta screamed. "Look out!" she cried. "He'll bump your eyes in!"

But Tommy had been watching and the minute the dragon-fly came close he ducked under the lemonade and took a refreshing drink while he was doing it, too. Then when the monster gave another swoop, this time very close to the surface of the lake, he reached up like a flash, caught it by one wing, and, letting himself sink, pulled the dragon-fly under with him.

Then the next moment he let it go. And away it went, up, up, straight into the air, whirling in circles, for a dragon-fly has no lids to its eyes and cannot close them, and of course when the lemonade got into his eyes, it stung them dreadfully, which was just what Tommy was counting on.

"Hurry up!" he shouted, wading close to the lily leaf and stretching his hands to the Princess.

And the Princess Petaletta with a cry of joy gave him her hands, hopped off the lily leaf, and, assisted by Tommy, waded safely ashore before the dragon-fly had half stopped his eyes smarting.

Well, it is hardly necessary to tell you what a sensation was caused by Tommy's spectacular rescue of the Princess. All through Fragrant



TOMMY REACHED UP AND CAUGHT IT

Fairyland the bells rang, and the Fairylanders rejoiced. And as for the King, he took a violent fancy to Tommy and said he'd like nothing better than to have him as a son-in-law.

But Tommy shook his head at that. "I'd love to marry your daughter," he said, "because she's the nicest little girl I've ever met; and I'd do it, too, if I didn't have a home, and a father, and a mother. Of course, my father spansks me sometimes, and my mother, too, and both of 'em scold me, but I guess it's because I'm bad. And anyway, I don't know why it is, but somehow I'm fond of them. I don't suppose they deserve it, but I'm fond of 'em just the same. And so if you want to reward me for rescuing your daughter, please send me back home, and fix it so I'll be my right size, too, when I get there.

so my clothes will fit, and everything. That's all I want."

And the King of Fragrant Fairyland, much affected by Tommy's touching reference to his parents, said he should go back home at once, and be his right size, too. After which he commanded Professor Smellgood to take one of the swiftest of the royal butterflies, and attend to the matter.

So several mornings later, after the King had shaken his hand, and the Princess Petaletta, with tears in her eyes and blushes on her cheeks, had kissed him good-bye, Tommy and Professor Smellgood set out for Tommy's home. And as the royal butterfly they rode was as swift as a flash of sunlight, it took them about thirty seconds to get there.

In through the window, between the fluttering curtains they went. And then while the royal butterfly perched on the back of a chair, Tommy and Professor Smellgood dismounted.

"Well, here we are," said the Professor, sitting on the edge of the chair and swinging his legs, "and there is the green bottle of perfume still lying on its side, so evidently your mother has not discovered it yet."

"My goodness," said Tommy, sitting down by the Professor and marvelling how big a chair seemed when you were only the size of a fairy, "I wonder what keeps her so long? Why, I've been away for days and days."

"True," said Professor Smellgood, "but they were only Fragrant Fairyland days. In other words, a minute in your world is a day in Fragrant Fairyland, so I should judge you've been away from home about ten minutes."

"Oh, I can't believe it," cried Tommy. "It seems impossible."

"To you, yes," said the Professor, "but then you're not a fairy. And as you don't want to be one, I'd better change you back to your original size as the king promised."

With that he took a small disc of glass from his pocket. "This," he said, "is a magic lense. Look at me now and don't move."

Placing the glass to his eye, he leaned nearer and nearer, and the nearer he came the bigger Tommy grew, until by the time the Professor's face was touching his shoulder, the boy had



THE PRINCESS KISSED HIM GOOD-BYE

regained his original size.

"There," said Professor Smellgood, replacing the glass in his pocket, "now you're all right, and I must be going."

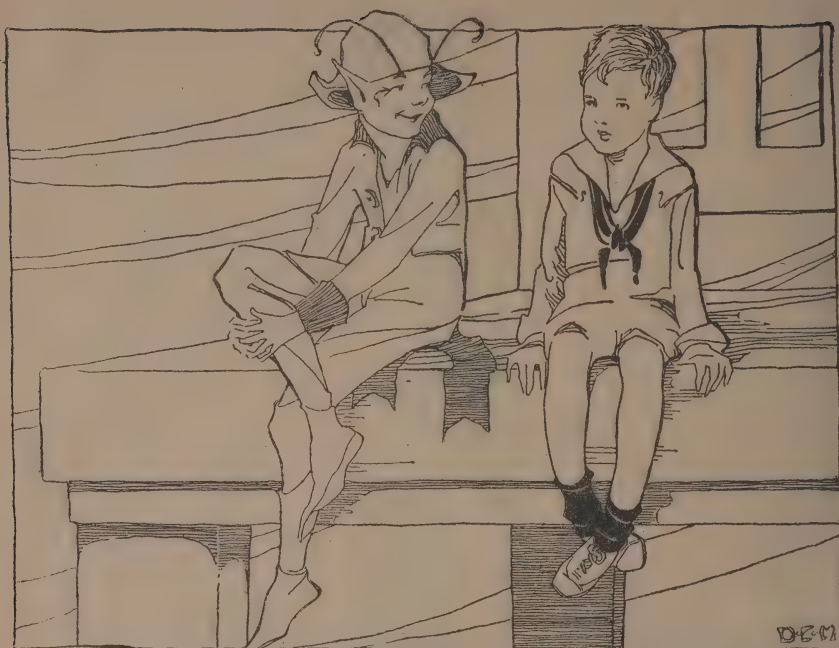
"But," said Tommy, "what about the green bottle? Of course, I can stand it up again, and put the stopper in, but when my mother finds it empty—pew!"

"I see," said Professor Smellgood. "Well, if you hadn't been naughty, and upset it I wouldn't have gotten out of it. And while I really ought to let your mother punish you for what you did, I *can't* let your mother do it, on account of what you did for me, so just give me a lift to the table there."

So Tommy picked him up and placed him on the dressing table. Then, as the Professor instructed him, he stood the green bottle upright and held the stopper all ready to put in.

"Now listen," said the Professor, holding up his finger and muttering to himself. "You ought to hear a gurgle presently."

And presently Tommy did hear a gurgle and a glup! glup! glup! and told the Professor so.



"I SHOULD JUDGE YOU'D BEEN AWAY ABOUT TEN MINUTES."

"Very well," said the old gentleman. "Now count the glups, and when you have counted thirty, clap the stopper in, for the bottle will be full.

So the minute the thirtieth glup sounded, Tommy put the stopper in the bottle, and the Professor climbed down from the table, went over to the chair and mounted the royal butterfly.

"Well, here I go," he said. "Your mother will never know now that the green bottle was ever empty, and as she never knew I was once inside it, everything will be O. K. Good bye!"

"Good bye!" cried Tommy, shaking him warmly by the hand, "and thank you very much for all your kindness."

"Don't mention it," said Professor Smellgood. "And I'm sorry you couldn't stay and learn more about perfume making. But anyway, don't forget Fragrant Fairyland."

"Indeed, I never shall," said Tommy. "Every time my mother opens the green bottle I'll think of it."

Softly the royal butterfly unfolded its wings, fluttered them for a moment, and then with a graceful dip it sailed through the window carrying Professor Smellgood with it.

"Dear me," said Tommy, as he went into the hall, after carefully leaving the bedroom door ajar as he had found it, "if ever a boy had strange adventures I have. And if ever I see a green bottle again, maybe I won't leave it alone—or a blue bottle, or a red bottle, or any color bottle. For you can't tell what will happen if you don't. Just s'pose I was still three inches high so people could step on me like a bug, and my clothes didn't fit. That's what might have happened, if Professor Smellgood hadn't changed me. Phew! No more green bottles for me."

(The End)

WHAT TOMMY DROPPED

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

OH, dear me, isn't dinner served?
I think you're awful slow!"
And Tommy fumed and fretted, till
His Father said, "Oh-o!
Go pick up what you dropped, my son,
Before you come inside."
And Tommy quickly came to look,
But not a thing he spied

"That's strange," quoth Father, "for I saw
Two boys, with faces bright,
Who talked together at the gate,
In manner most polite.
I heard a voice speak pleasantly,
Till on the porch it stopped,
And so I thought your manners, Tom,
Outside the door you'd dropped!"



BETSEY AND HER DOLLS

BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

Author of "The House of Delight"

IT'S a beautiful day, Betsey," called Mother. "Why don't show Violet the park?"

"All right," said Betsey. "I wonder I didn't think of it myself. It's beautiful, you know, Violet. A fountain, and a lake with boats, and all sorts of animals."

"Bears?" asked Violet.

"Oh, yes," said Betsey. "The bears are the best of all, because they do tricks. But there are lions and monkeys and birds—"

"Oh, I love to see animals!" cried Violet. "Is it very far?"

"Just down the next street," said Betsey. "Don't you hear the band?" Violet could, very faintly, when she listened. So with a blue sunshade for Betsey and a violet one for Violet, the little cousins walked happily down the street to the park. It was just as Betsey had said. Some of the animals were in cages which were built in animal houses. The bears were in great stone caves with a strong netting between them and the little visitors. And near the settees was a huge fountain with a calla lily in the center where the water came out.

Suddenly the band players finished a song, and went down the steps.

"They're going to get ice cream," said Betsey.

As she said this, she noticed that Violet was looking hard at the band stand, with sparkling eyes.

"Betsey Avery!" she cried. "Mrs. Delight hasn't any park!"

The two cousins looked at each other. "I could make a teeny-tiny band-stand," said Violet excitedly. "Make it like your piazza, only square."

"And we'd have animals!" struck in Betsey.

"I'd rather *make* a park, than *sit* in one!" said Violet.

Betsey gave her one look and put up her blue sunshade. And the two girls started up the street directly.

When they reached the playroom, they decided to have the park in a corner which Betsey never used. They cleared away everything, laying down a green rug for grass.

"Do let me make the band-stand," begged Violet. "I know just how."

"I'd love to have you," agreed Betsey, "because I want to make the fountain."

"Don't look till I get it done," said Violet.

"I won't," promised Betsey, "because I shall have to go downstairs and look for something; I'll soon be back, though."

Soon Betsey was standing on a chair in the kitchen, looking over Norah's dishes to find one the right shape for a marble fountain. She soon spied a white bowl with a rolled edge, that Mother had once said was just right for two in the family.

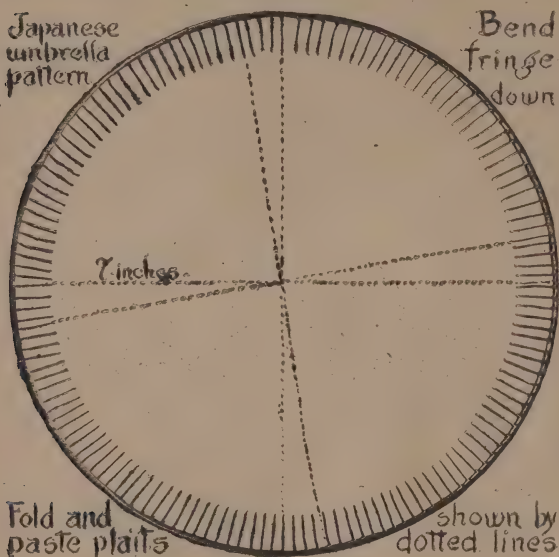
"But there are six in the family, now," thought Betsey. "And we never use it." So she lifted it carefully down, and it was just right.

She carried it back to the playroom, found some green plasticine, and molded a beautiful calla



lily with a long stem and two leaves. The stem was molded over a toothpick to make it stronger. She fastened this in the center of the fountain with more plasticine. The next touch made Betsey giggle. She brought her bottle of white shoe-dressing to the playroom and painted the lily white. A long

Japanese
umbrella
pattern



yellow bead made the pistil.

Then she filled the fountain with water and set it in the park. Then she set a tiny celluloid swan afloat.

"There! Violet! See!" said Betsey.

Violet came across the room with her finished work. She knelt down to admire the fountain while Betsey examined the

band-stand. It was made of a box six inches square and three picks, with an opening for three little steps. It was made ex-inches tall. It had a railing on all four sides made of tooth-actly like the piazza (described last month) with no roof.

"I'd like to look at it all day," said Betsey.

"But we mustn't stop, or we won't get the park done," advised Violet. "Let's see what we can find for animals."

The girls ransacked the house. They found two small Teddy bears and a large one, a toy monkey on a string, and a flannel elephant. Father's paper-weight, luckily, was a beautiful bronze tiger. "Father can use a book," said Betsey. (And Father did, for a long time.) Mother's match-safe was a deer. In one corner of the park the busy workmen piled large stones for the bears' cave. One bear was standing in the cave with his head sticking out.

Two shoe-boxes facing each other made the animal house. One side of each box was cut with the scissors to make bars,



Then the animal was put in and the cover clapped on for a roof.

"They had an ice-cream booth at the real park, Betsey," said Violet.

That was enough. Mrs. Delight's park soon had an ice-cream booth. It was made this way. Betsey looked through her wall-paper book until she found a Japanese design. She cut out a 7-inch circle and fringed the edge. Then she took four tiny plaits in it and pasted each firmly. You can see how by the pattern. This made a Japanese umbrella. The booth was a small square box with the bottom cut out. Violet stuck a pencil in a spool, set the spool inside the hollow square, and Betsey swung the umbrella-top on the pencil. Then the girls printed a beautiful sign in red and blue, "ICE CREAM FOR SALE! 5 cents."

"It must be cheap, you know," explained Betsey, "for this park is run by Mr. Delight for the poor people."

"And he is a millionaire," added Violet.

"We ought to have a gate with the name of the park on it!" said Betsey.

"So we ought," cried Violet, seizing two long white pencils. She stuck each pencil in a spool, and set them about 5 inches apart for gate-posts. Then from stiff white paper, Betsey cut a sign to go at the top, and rolled the ends around the pencils and pasted them.

A wonderful fence of spools took two days to finish, but at last Betsey's mother was invited up to see the park.

"Mr. Delight named this park after his wife," explained Betsey.

And this is what Mother read in beautiful red letters over the gate: EDITH DELIGHT PARK.

JUST FANCY!

I AM so glad the country's green—
 It would be bad, I think,
 To have it blue, or maybe red;
 How it would make us shrink!
 And what if it were yellow—oh,
 How dreadful it would be
 To see the blazing sunshine on
 A yellow lawn or tree!
 We think that green was made for us,
 It really seems most fit;
 Or possibly, the other way—
 'Tis we were made for it!

Maria Johns Hammond



PLAYING INDIAN

BY MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN

WAR bonnet donned, and tomahawk
With Gyp to give alarm,
Across our dark back yard we stalk
All keen in search of harm.
Beyond the shadow of that tree
An Indian Chief may lurking be!
Oh, do you think the light too dim
For true and steady aim at him?

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER XI.—THE MONKEY'S CAP AND EAR-RINGS

BILLY Boy said he didn't see how girls could care to make dolls' clothes. Now to have such a monkey as that at the fair was a different thing from having a doll!

The sailor had said that monkey was worth a hundred dollars, and the fun they were going to have with him wasn't to be counted by dollars!

Billy Boy told everyone that he was with Bee when she bought that hurdy-gurdy and monkey instead of a doll. They were going to have a show with him in their barn and make ten times as much money to add to the church fair fund as the doll would have sold for.

Think of the fun, too!

The missing drum had arrived by express, and even while the rain was pouring, the Pekoe Guards, every boy of the Company, had come to see it. And they all said that there couldn't have been a handsomer drum, or one that made a better rat-a-tat-tat, or a bigger rumble and roar.

It just fitted Tommy Philbrick, too! You could see him behind it. It didn't look all drum and no boy, as Bee had feared it might. The Browns had to put their fingers in their ears until Mama Brown sent the Pekoe Guards out to the barn.

When the boys had all gone and Billy Boy and Bob wanted to do a little drumming by themselves—for the drum was left in the Captain's care—those girls, Bee and Pinky Jones, wanted them to hold the lantern so they could look through the rag-bags!

They couldn't wait until morning, because Peter Pew might be off with the wagon before they were up.

Even Pinky Jones seemed to have forgotten all about her dear, lost, yellow-capped monkey and to be thinking of nothing but the pretty scraps for dolls' clothes they should find in Peter Pew's rag-bags.

Bob and Billy Boy took turns. Bob held the lantern and Billy Boy drummed. Then Billy Boy held the lantern and Bob drummed. Now and then old Ann, the cook, called to them not to set anything on fire. They found some pink silk, and some blue dotted muslin, and enough yellow satin to cover a doll's parasol. That was what Pinky wanted very much, something to cover a doll's parasol. And she said that yellow was very becoming to her doll's complexion.

"Here's another bit of yellow," said Bee, who was the kind of little girl to want another little girl to have what she wanted.

Something was caught in the bit of yellow—a little dangling ear-ring! And when the bit of yellow stuff was pulled out and straightened—a dingy bit of felt or flannel—what do you think it proved to be? A monkey's cap!

"My dear Beppo's cap!" cried Pinky Jones. "There is the feather-stitch border that I worked around the edge myself! And one of his ear-rings! I should know it anywhere by the little scallops. Oh, do you suppose he is dead?"

"The other monkey had lost his red cap, and he wasn't dead," said Bee comfortingly. "Perhaps we can find out where Peter Pew got the yellow cap and ear-ring!" she added hopefully.

A little farther down in the bag they found the other ear-ring. There was nothing to show where it had come from and Bee and Pinky Jones could hardly sleep that night for wondering whether Peter Pew would know.

Bob Brown said of course they would never find the monkey: it was just like girls to think they could. And Billy Boy was afraid if they did Bee would want to change monkeys. He wanted her to keep the one that was worth a hundred dollars and could be taught to do any kind of trick.

He said he had seen from the first that the pumpkin monkey wasn't such a foolish little fellow as Yellow Cap.

Peter Pew came back in the middle of the next forenoon. It was just as he thought: the automobile had run away with Orlando!

It had carried him into a swamp, miles away from Philibeg. There the machinery had given out but Orlando had mended it.

all by himself. Orlando was a very clever fellow, declared Peter Pew.

He knew all about automobiles now and was going to make Peter an automobile tin-cart—a cart that would go spinning along so fast that the brooms and feather-dusters would shake and shake and the tins would rattle—and no horse!

Peter's mind was so full of this idea that it was hard to make him try to remember where he got the monkey's cap and ear-rings. But at last he clapped his great hands and said it had just come to him that it wasn't because rags were down so low that old Mrs. Pinchley, up to Damsonfield, had been so cross yesterday. Old Mrs. Pinchley was very apt to be cross. Yesterday, it was because her great-grandaughter, Patty, wanted to keep a monkey that she had brought home in a farm-wagon from Gobang.

The monkey had a way of taking off his cap and taking out his earrings and throwing them upon the floor. Old Mrs. Pinchley had said that she wouldn't have them under foot and had tossed them into the rags that he was buying of her.

"Then Patty Pinchley of Damsonfield has my dearest Beppo!" said Pinky Jones. "I will go straight up there to-morrow morning and get him!"

"No, she hasn't him now," said Peter Pew. "Her grandmother wouldn't let her keep him. She had to give him away!"

(To be concluded)



\$100 PRIZE CONTEST

*You can win a Cash Prize and a Premo Camera
in this Amateur Photograph Competition*

HOW TO COMPETE

Little Folks will be 25 years old Nov. 1, 1921, and we want to celebrate this event by increasing our subscription so that 125,000 subscribers will receive that issue.

We want you to help us by sending **two new yearly subscriptions**. You can easily get two of your friends to take the magazine. Collect **\$2.00** from each and send the money to us with the names and we will immediately send you

A FINE PREMO CAMERA FREE

with a roll of six films and full instructions. It is so simple a child can take pictures with it. With this camera you can take pictures of any subject and submit them in this prize competition. You may submit as many pictures as you wish. Photography is exceedingly interesting and instructive, and the photos you take and preserve will afford you great pleasure in years to come.

Cash Prizes Will Be Awarded November 1

\$15 for best Photograph—**\$12.50** for second best Photograph
\$10 for third prize—**\$7.50** for fourth prize—**\$5.00** for fifth
prize—**\$2.50** for sixth prize—and 47 prizes of **\$1.00** each,
with consolation prize of 50 cts. for the 54th.

LITTLE FOLKS PHOTO COMPETITION **SALEM, MASS.**



IF I am going to crowd into our club pages this month all the many things we have to talk about, I shall have to begin with them right away, little cousins, and not stop to chat at all. Suppose, first of all, that I tell you the promised story of the pansy?

The little country maidens of France say that years ago the pansy had a delightful fragrance all her own, and grew wild in the wheat-fields. People loved this little flower so much because of its bright colors and sweet smell that they used to trample down the wheat to get it, and of course; when harvest-time came there was no food for the people. This grieved the little plant, and so one springtime she prayed to the Trinity that she might be deprived of her fragrance so that nobody would destroy the growing wheat for her sake. Her prayer was granted and her scent taken away, and from that time the French have called our pansy "Trinity Herb." To little English girls, however, she is known as "Three-Pretty-Faces-Under-One-Hood" and the German children have a pretty folk-story about her which I will tell you some other time, if you would like to hear it.

I promised you, too, that I would tell you how to plant pansy seed in July so that you could have pansies blooming next spring. First buy your pansy seed from a reliable dealer, for the best seeds are always the least expensive. Plant the seed in a row in your seed-bed, cover it up about quarter of an inch, press down the dirt and water well. When the little plants come up, transplant them, and when they have again grown so large that they touch each other, transplant them again. The last transplanting should be to the bed where they are to stay. Set them out a foot apart as described in the April Home Guard pages, and in November cover them warmly from the winter winds and snows with stable litter, which is simply manure and straw. When you take off this covering in March you will find your little pansies blooming, sometimes, under the snow!

I want to tell you a few more things about

winning your Home Guard Honors. You need not feel that, because you did not have the February magazine, where we explained all about the honor system, or because you have delayed joining, that you cannot begin winning your honors at any time. You can start at any time you like. There will be six honors, and you may try to win any or all of them. To win one, you will need to try to live up to the pledge that goes with the honor for which you are trying, for thirty days, keeping your record book, as explained in the April Home Guard. So, each honor takes thirty days to win. At the end of thirty days show your record book to Mother and if she thinks you deserve to be an Honor Guard of whatever rank your pledge entitles you to, write me a letter and tell me so, and be sure to have Mother sign her name. There are several reasons why this part is important, and I cannot give you your honor without it. If you are trying for your first honor, write me at the end of thirty days, for example, that you have tried to be obedient, for the first honor is given for obedience. If it is the second honor you want, tell me that you have tried to be helpful and willing, for the second honor is given for that. The third honor, for which we will try this month and next, is this, and if you will get out your Guard Books and write it down, I will explain it to you.

"I will be cheerful and happy, even though things go wrong."

Now, if you have your page ruled off into squares like a calendar for thirty days, we will go on.

It's the easiest thing in the world to be cheerful and happy when things go just as we would like them to, but the truth is that things do not always go that way, as we all know. Some of our very nicest plans get upset in the most provoking way, the things we want to do some grown-up thinks we should not, it rains on birthdays, or Mother is ill and cannot do for us the thing we had looked forward to having done. It is things like these that



BILLY DOLL
and

JANE DOLL snuggle most comfortably in **Reddick Folding Brass Doll Beds and Cradles.** Little mothers of the nursery and playroom find in these practical toys a constant joy. **Reddick Beds and Cradles**, according to the story of "Little Miss Grown-up," were planned in Toyland under the expert eye of old Saint Nicholas himself. Let us send you this story *free*. Ask your Toy Store Man to show you a **Reddick Folding Brass Bed or Cradle.** They are built for the largest and tiniest doll folk, and beautifully trimmed.

MICHIGAN WIRE GOODS CO.,
606 Second Street, Niles, Michigan

SCHOOL COMPANION FREE TO YOU

Made of heavy, cloth-covered pasteboard, finished in bright, attractive colors. Contents very complete, containing collapsible drinking cup, several excellent pencils, pencil sharpener, adjustable lead pencil with box of extra leads. No better companion for general school use. Very attractive and more than useful.



We send you this Companion for selling only 25 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. a card. Return to us the money you collect and the Companion is yours.
SECCO SALES CO. Box 1311, O. Boston, Mass.

WANTED—BUTTERFLIES

We will pay 3 cents each for large, and 2 cents each for small specimens of bright-colored butterflies collected in any section of the U. S. Small butterflies preferred. All specimens must be in perfect condition. If you do not know how to collect and pack for mailing, perhaps some one in your town will show you. Here is a good chance to earn some spending money in your spare time during vacation.

CASSINO STUDIO SALEM, MASS.

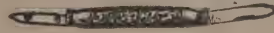
GOOD READING

For Stormy Days

New Subscribers to Little Folks will be glad to know that by sending 25c. they can obtain four back issues of Little Folks Magazine. These are leftover ends of monthly editions and we cannot guarantee a sequence of issues. Every copy complete, with fine stories, pictures and things to make and do. We recommend sending 25c. for a collection of these magazines to be sent to your children's ward in your local hospital.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, Salem, Mass.

EVERY GIRL NEEDS A PENKNIFE



The one we offer is a little beauty, having a stag handle and both a large and a small blade of fine quality steel that takes a good, keen edge. For selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c a card, and returning to us the money you collect, you may have one of these fine knives.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, O. BOSTON, MASS.



This all-leather **Felder's Glove** given for selling only twelve packages of our easy-selling **Marvello Washing Tablets** at 15c. each. When sold return \$1.80 and we will send **Glove** prepaid. We trust you. Just send name and address to

BRUNET & DEMERS, 196 Jefferson Ave.
Dept. 2, Salem, Mass.

SOMETHING TO PLEASE MOTHER

What is Mother's favorite perfume? Perhaps she doesn't know. At any rate, we will send you a test set, just to see whether she really does know, or not. There are three cunning bottles of three most delightful perfumes. Just send us your address and two 2c. stamps (4c) and we'll mail you the test set with directions, and a delightful booklet on "Fragrance." Address: Fragrance, % Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

LOTS OF SPENDING MONEY FOR YOU

If you will use your spare time selling snap fasteners for us. We will allow you forty cents on every dollar's worth you sell. These are superior fasteners. Sell easily at 10c. a card. Every woman uses them. Write to-day.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, O. BOSTON, MASS.

A Surprise Package

for every boy and girl who sends one new yearly subscription (not his or her own) to Little Folks! We will send a premium usually sent for securing two such subscriptions, for securing only one. Ask for the Surprise Package when you send in the subscription, and send it at once, for the supply of packages is limited. Don't neglect this unusual opportunity.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

When you write advertisers please mention **CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS**

LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

(Continued from page 394)

give us a chance to really prove what sort of people we are, and if we learn how to keep cheerful and not give way to temper or regret we will be the sort of people that others are always glad to have about. So, this time, I want all my Guard cousins to try to remember, whenever little things happen unpleasantly, or big disappointments come, to keep smiling and cheerful. You will find the unpleasant and disappointing things much easier to bear, and others will love you for your cheerful, happy spirit. Of course, playmates won't disagree with you every day; nor Mother think you'd better not go to Mary's to play, nor will rain spoil your party, or illness prevent your going to the circus, but we never can tell when something is going to interfere and so we must be ready to accept what happens as pleasantly as we can. When such things *do* happen—things you could easily be cross and pouty about,—and you succeed in smiling and being cheerful about them, run and color a square in your Home Guard Record Book, for you are earning your third honor. Mother will know, when you show her your record whether you have conquered the Giant of Temper and Tears times enough to entitle you to be a Home Guard, third rank.

Now for our Honor Guards, first rank. Here they are, and aren't we all proud of them!

Doris Church, Augusta, Maine.
 Frances Libby, Richmond, Maine.
 Mary Carpenter, Shelby, N. C.
 George F. Butterfield, Bay City, Mich.
 Nancy W. Graves, E. Walpole, Mass.
 Constance R. Graves, E. Walpole, Mass.
 Chester B. Anderson, Camaguey, Cuba.
 Hepsylen Brockman, Woodruff, S. C.
 Catherine Whitehorn, Downers Grove, Ill.
 Mary Myers, Hutchinson, Kansas.
 Esther Clark, Brookfield, Vt.
 Jack Stevens, Alameda, Calif.
 Raymond Lea, Bradford, Vt.
 Frances Lafferty, Greensburg, Kansas.

Where are you, all you western cousins? Surely what these boys and girls have done, you can do; and if you didn't succeed the first thirty days you tried, there are other

thirty days in which to try over again. Of course, only the boys and girls who succeed in winning all the honors will be given the Grand Honor, but even if you don't try for that, you can't be a Home Guard in good standing if you don't try at all, can you?

I want to tell you about my Record Book. I don't suppose you knew that I was winning honors, too? Well, I am; but the funny part is that I can't win them until you have won them first. My Record Book is ruled off into eleven spaces, and the name, address, date of joining, old or new member and whether or not you have a pin is recorded beside your name. Six spaces are ruled off for each of you, and each space represents an Honor. As soon as one of you wins an honor, I add one just like it to my record book, and so I know exactly what your Home Guard record is. You are real live boys and girls to me, not just some names that I write on envelopes and mail pins to—not at all. The very last space of all is labeled "Remarks," and in that I write down the things I know about you from your letters—all sorts of things.

I have some very good letters from several of you that I want to publish from time to time, since I haven't room to print them all in one number. Beatrice Farr of Boston sent me some splendid Home Guard Resolutions that help her and will help you to become true Home Guards and win your honors. Mary Myers of Hutchinson, Kansas, would like us to have a flag which we could make ourselves, and a password for Club members. What do you think about it, everybody? Let me know, please. Virginia Mitchell, of Peru, Indiana, has started a new local club. Have any of the rest of you?

If there are any boys and girls who do not understand about the Home Guard Club and would like to join, if they will write to me I will be glad to explain all they want to know. Five cents brings you a Home Guard pin, and you do not need to be a subscriber to join. When you send for pins for friends or brothers or sisters, please send me all the names of those to whom the pins are to go, so that I can enter them on my Guard Book.

Cousin Constance.

DIRECTIONS FOR FAIRY CUT-OUT

PASTE the whole page on stiff paper and if you like, color. The grass is light green, the toad-stools pale yellow and the little bird, red. The moon (circle) is bright orange but the fairies are better left white and so are the bubbles. The little bird is blue. You can

paint the fairies' wings blue, also, if you wish.

Then cut carefully around both pieces and stick a pin into the black dot in the big toad-stool then into the dot in the circle and you will see how the fairies play tag over the toadstools, when you turn the moon around on the pin.



A Ball With Your Name on it

A ball is—a ball. That's just the matter with it. If you lose it, and someone else finds it, how does anybody know that it's your ball?

But a Ball with *your name painted on it* to stay—that's a different matter. Why, you can't lose a ball like that! It will come back to you every time—because of *your name*. That's one thing that makes the balls shown above different from and better to own than any others. All you have to do is tell us the name you want on the ball—be sure to write it plainly.

Another thing that makes these balls different is the design painted by hand on each one. You may choose the design you like: Tabby, Towser, Bunny, Jumbo, Ducky-Daddles or Cock-a-doodle.

The colors are bright and dainty and the balls are of fine quality rubber, good for use indoors or out. The picture does not begin to do the balls justice.

Remember, you can buy a ball for ten cents, but it's only a ball. *Your Ball*—with your name painted on it—as well as a handsome design, will cost 35c., but it will be worth it, because it will be yours and yours only. If you prefer, you may send one new yearly subscription to *Little Folks*, not your own, and earn the ball you want.

Don't forget to say which design you want, and, above all things, the name you wish painted on your ball.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.



This is
a
Daisy

Military Pop-gun, built on strictly military lines. Equipped with slug, and detachable rubber-tipped bayonet. Pump action, makes a lot of noise, with absolutely no danger. Length 31 inches, weight 1 1-4 pounds. Given for selling 30 cards of superior snap fasteners at 10c a card.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, O, BOSTON, MASS.

MUSICAL MOTHERS will find "how simple and easy and delightful it can be to start a child in music at home," if they use **First Piano Lessons at Home**. For particulars address:

ANNA HEUERMANN HAMILTON,
Auxvasse, Missouri

YOU CAN HAVE



THIS TRICK TANK for selling 10 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. card; used by all women. When sold return \$1.60 to us, and we will send you this Camouflaged Baby Tank, that goes by its own power and does any amount of tricks such as the one

shown in the picture. Send for your snap fasteners at once.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1131, O, BOSTON, MASS.



This Beautiful Locket FREE To Any Little Girl

Here is a charming little novelty that is sure to bring delight to the fortunate little girl who owns it. Every little girl loves a locket and this little butterfly locket, worn on a fine chain or narrow ribbon, is just what will look prettiest with your new summer dresses.

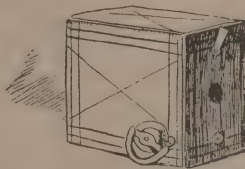
We offer you your choice of a gay little butterfly fluttering against a lovely mother-of-pearl background, or a locket with a back of beautiful, shining blue butterfly-wing. Also, you may have your choice of gold-filled or sterling silver rim. Please state your preference in these two matters, as this is important in filling your order.

These lockets are about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, the daintiest "little girl" size imaginable. You will be more than pleased with them. By arrangement with the manufacturer, prices will be quoted on larger lockets to anyone desiring them.

One of these lockets sent for four new yearly subscriptions to *Little Folks*, not your own, or for \$2.50 cash.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM MASS.

ALL THE TIME IS CAMERA TIME



Show your friends the good times you had; and the places you saw, and keep them clear in your own memory with the aid of a Premo

oo. No vacation is complete without a camera, and there is no camera more satisfactory than this very Premo oo.

the very newest camera produced by the Eastman Kodak Co. Takes time exposures and snapshots. Cunning pictures, 1 1-4 x 1 3-4 inches. Fine lens.

A Premo oo, and a roll of film containing six exposures, given for selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c a card. Return the money you collect to us, and we send the camera. You couldn't get a camera for less work.

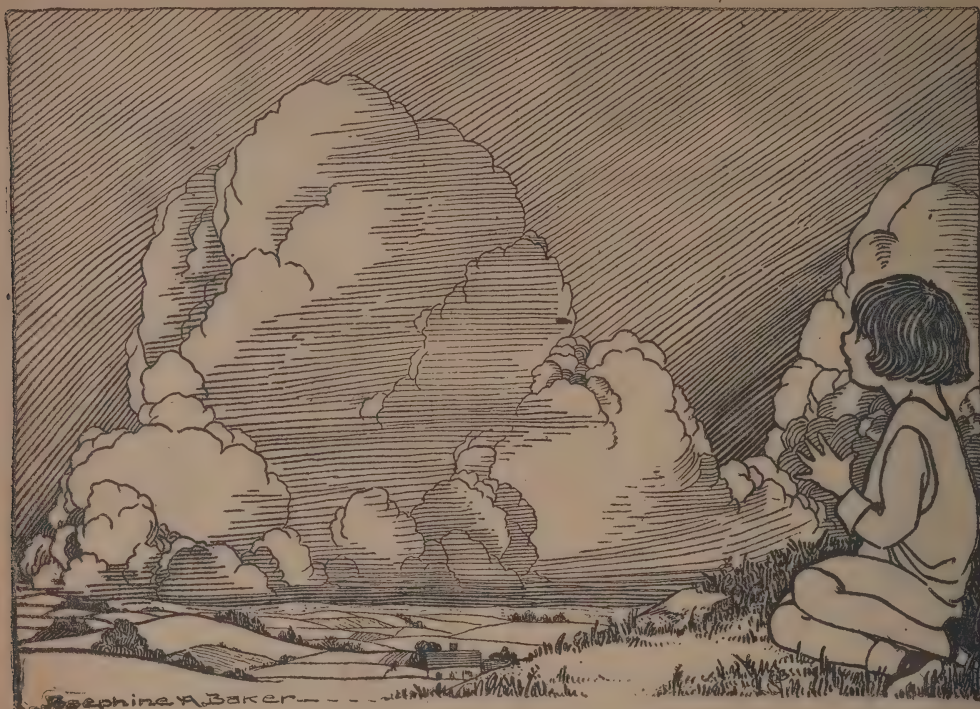
SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, O, BOSTON, MASS.

"THE BEST EVER"

is what owners think of their "So Handy" pocket knife and tool kits. Complete, compact kit for boys, good for all kinds of odd jobs. Weighs only 5 oz. Easily carried in a pocket. Kit contains fine Jack Knife with coco handle, and unusually good blade, and these tools which can be instantly attached to handle: file, chisel, reamer, screw driver, bottle opener, gimlet and rule.

Given to you for selling 40 cards of superior snap fasteners at 10c. a card. Return the money you collect and receive your "So Handy."

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, O, BOSTON, MASS.



SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR OUTDOORS

WONDERS OF THE SKY

I.—CLOUDS

BY JOSEPHINE AMES BAKER

We love our world of Out-of-Doors and are anxious to learn the secrets of field and forest, but how many of us have studied the wonders of the sky as well? There, over our heads, is beauty as vast and varied as that which surrounds us below. In each case, we need only the Seeing Eye and Understanding Heart to gain never-failing treasure. The clear skies of sunny days, with cloud-boats sailing on the blue; sunrise and sunset and the star-showered skies of night; the banded bow of promise and the glowing Northern Lights—all these add to the joys which enrich our lives if we but give them room in our minds and hearts.

This month we will get acquainted with some of the cloud forms. We all know the masses of clouds piled high against the blue of a summer sky like puffs of soft white wool. These are *cumulus* clouds, sometimes called fair-weather clouds unless the base is broad and black. Then they tell us that a shower is

coming and we call them thunder-heads. So beautifully tinted, so soft and fleecy they look, that we long to reach up and pat them. Then there is the *cirrus* cloud which floats very high and looks like a long, delicate feather or lock of hair. It is the cloud of warning and says that rain is coming. *Stratus* clouds stretch in straight lines across the sky or spread out in a veil or haze. Lastly, the *nimbus*, a dense, blue curtain of rain, least attractive of all the clouds, but it is only against its dark surface that the rainbow glows in its brightest perfection.

While the cloud names may seem a bit hard to learn, it will repay you to know them just as you know the birds and flowers by name. And there are only the four main kinds to remember: *cirrus*, *stratus*, *cumulus*, *nimbus*. Other clouds are combinations of these, as the "mackerel-sky" with its scale-like puffs is part *cumulus* and part *cirrus* or *stratus*, according to how high it floats in the sky.

SOMETHING FOR VACATION FUN

HOW TO MAKE A BAROMETER

BY B. W. ELSOM

WOULDNT you like to be a weather prophet? Let me tell you how to make a simple little barometer which will give you reliable predictions as to coming changes in the weather.

To get the best results, you must make this barometer when the weather is clear.

Get an old electric light bulb which has burned out. Either a carbon or a tungsten bulb will do.

Hold this bulb in a pail of water, and with a pair of large scissors snip off the end of the little glass tip at the bottom of the bulb. You will find that you can cut off this glass tip easily if you hold both the bulb and the scissors under water.

After you have cut off the tip, continue to hold the bulb under water for a few minutes, and it will fill with water. This happens because there is a vacuum in the bulb, and the water is drawn in through the hole in the tip.

Now suspend the bulb, with the tip down, out on your porch, and your barometer is completed. The water will not run out of it, because it is held in by the pressure of the air outside the bulb.

Here is the way that you read your barometer: when rain or cloudy weather is com-

ing, you will see that a drop of water comes out and hangs from the tip of the electric light globe. This may often happen several hours before the rain comes, and the sky may still be clear, but just as soon as you see that drop of water form at the tip of the bulb, you may be sure that stormy or dull weather is coming.

On the other hand, when clear, bright weather is the prospect, the drop of water will be drawn up into the bulb, and the tip will be dry.

Perhaps you would like to know the explanation of how this bulb can foretell the weather. The reason is, that changes of the weather are caused by changes in the pressure of air, or the "barometric pressure," as it is called.

When the barometric pressure is high, the weather is fair and clear. This high air pressure, of course, holds the water up in the bulb. However, when the barometric pressure decreases even a tiny bit, it brings rain or cloudy weather. This decrease in the air pressure allows a drop or two of water in the bulb to come down and hang from the tip, and this makes it possible for your barometer to forecast the weather.

SOMETHING ABOUT OTHER CHILDREN

The European Relief Council, N. Y. City, writes to your Editor.

"A spirit of youth and thankfulness fills the message sent from the children of Austria who are grateful for the good hot food they have had at the kitchens of the European Relief Council. They, the little ones of Steiermark, Judenburg, Muenzgraben and many other places, have prepared charming mottos, decorated with hand-painting, ink sketches or pencil drawings. Received at the headquarters in Vienna and transported to New York, these booklets, tied with ribbons and carefully inscribed with laboriously perfect script, bear the names of hundreds of little folk who have been literally kept alive by the magnanimity of the American people.

"Every child in the United States should

know how grateful these children are, for almost every child has contributed something either through the Red Cross or one of the other relief agencies comprising the European Relief Council to brighten the lives of foreign children. Each child has theoretically communicated with some child there, the one by giving, the other by receiving, but it takes these visible results of child effort to bring home how thankful the little tots are.

"The singing bird on the bough which decorates one motto is a symbol of Spring, and the bunnies with twigs in their paws, which beautifies another, represents that animal life which appeals to all children. So the message is brought to American shores, that the children of our land may know how their brothers and sisters feel across the seas."

THE AD-VENTURES OF THE IVORY HEROES

You remember Gnif, and Peter Pig, and Bill, and Bob and Betty, of course, for all of them were in the Ivory Soap story which you found on the very last page of your magazine every month last year. The publishers are wondering if you enjoyed the adventures of these jolly folk well enough to want to hear some more of them. If you do, when you write to Little Folks for any reason won't you please remember to say: "I would like to hear more of the ad-ventures of the Ivory Soap heroes."



It looks like a revolver



THERE IS ONLY ONE REPEATER



in the world that breaks to load like a revolver
That Repeater is the Premier Fifty Shot Safety. It is altogether different from the old-fashioned cap pistol, and very much superior to it. The fact that it breaks to load allows you to place a roll of fifty caps in it at one time. It looks like a real revolver, too. There is no make-believe about the action of this pistol. **IT SHOOTS EVERY TIME YOU PULL THE TRIGGER**

No matter how many times or how fast you pull the trigger, the Premier will shoot until every cap in the roll has exploded. There's no stopping to reload after every shot, either. Its construction is simple, and assures positive action.

No Accidents Come of Play With the Premier

Although the caps which are used with the Premier are large and noisy, they are safe, and, indeed, the whole pistol is built in such a way that it is an absolutely harmless noisemaker for both boys and girls. Boys all vote for the Premier, once they have used it, and girls who play with it lose their timidity of firearms.

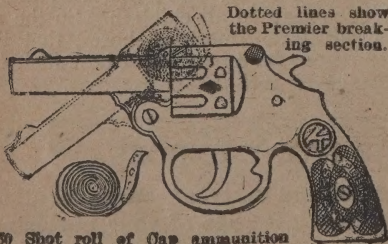
Every Pretend Soldier, Hunter, Cowboy, Etc.

should carry a Premier. They are just great for skirmishes, sham battles, wild west stunts and the like.

The United States Government

will not allow us to send caps through the mails, but your local dealer will, no doubt, be able to supply you with cap ammunition for your Premier.

Your Last Chance to Get a Premier



50 Shot roll of Cap ammunition used in the Premier Repeater.

We are cleaning up our stock of this immensely popular little gun, and have only a limited supply on hand, and for that reason we offer you a Premier at less than what they cost us—

Thirty-five Cents Each

Or, we will send you *two* Premier Repeating Pistols for securing one new yearly subscription, not your own, to Little Folks.

You will want a pistol for the Fourth of July, and the Premier is the best one you could have, because it is harmless. Mother couldn't object to the Premier.

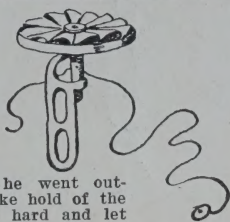
All pistols leave us in perfect condition.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

TO KEEP YOU BUSY AND HAPPY

AERIAL TOP

One day Uncle Ben brought home a new top for Jimmie—a kind of top Jimmie had never seen. "Try it out doors," said Uncle Ben. "It might go through the ceiling." How Jimmie laughed; for how could a top spin through the ceiling? But he went out doors just the same. "Take hold of the handle tight, pull the cord hard and let go quick," said Uncle Ben. So Jimmie held the handle tight, and pulled the cord hard and let go quick. And up sailed the top—up, up, up,—higher than the bedroom windows. Jimmie just gasped; and all his playmates who had hurried to see the wonderful top gasped, too. "What is it?" Where did you get it?" "How much did it cost?" everybody began asking at once. "It is an aerial top and I got it from LITTLE FOLKS for getting one new yearly subscription—it can't be your own—to the magazine for one year. I got two tops instead of one and so will you. Or you can send 50 cents in cash and get two. They fly in the air and spin on the floor. Who wouldn't want a top like that?"



PLASTELINE MODELLING SET

Mud-pies are lots of fun and so are sand-castles, but you can't make them the year round in many places, and you can't make them in the house, anyway, no matter what good outdoor fun they are, because they are messy and get things all dirty. To make nice clean pies and castles in the house, you should have

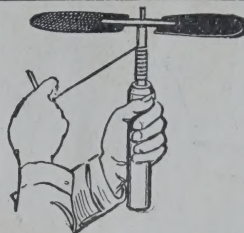
a Plasteline Modelling Set. Plasteline is a substitute for modelling clay, which does not get hard and crumbly no matter how long you use it. It is clean and simple to use, and the number of things you can make besides pies and castles is simple amazing!—doll-furniture, dishes, animals, people, landscapes, maps—it would take a page to tell them all. You can always think of something more that can be made from Plasteline. Plasteline comes in four colored blocks to a set—blue, yellow, green and red—and all the tools you need are your ten fingers and a sharp stick that comes with directions for using the set. Plasteline will give you hours and hours of fun.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 65c.

CHILD'S HAND-BAG

This dainty little hand-bag of dark blue velvet is just like Mother's. It has a bright, pretty design that looks like bead-work, and it is well-made and nicely lined with white. Best of all, it has a really truly mirror inside. When you go shopping with Mother or play Lady-come-to-see, you will need a bag just this size and kind.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to Little Folks postpaid. Cash price, 60c.



Up, up, up in the soft spring air
I send my Vertical Flyer;
As straight as an arrow it spins along,
As high as the birds go and higher.
Up to the tree-tops and over the roof,
With just a pull of the string—
Oh, I think my Vertical Flyer is
The very best toy for spring!

It is. It will take its owner out into the open, exercise cramped muscles, and provide an all-round good time for both girls and boys. Strongly and simply constructed of wood, with heavy card wings. Complete with cord and holder. Guaranteed to fly. Provides all sorts of possibilities in the way of games and contests. As much fun as kite flying.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS. Cash price, 40c.



BOY'S KNIFE AND CHAIN

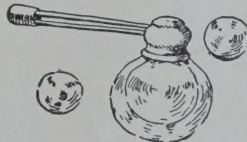
Here's a dandy knife that you can't lose, because it is attached securely to a good strong steel chain with a button fastener at one end. Knives get misplaced and lost so easily when they are carried loose in your pocket, that a knife you can't lose is bound to be a knife worth wanting. This 'unloosable' knife is also a knife worth having, as any knife that was going to stay with you ought to be. It has a fine stag handle and two good-quality keen-edged blades, one large and one small. If you enjoy whittling, or if you are a Boy Scout, this is the knife you should have. It makes a fine present, too, for some boy friend or relative.

Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 75c.

WONDER BUBBLE BLOWER

Blowing bubbles is good, all-round fun for summer of winter, outdoors or in, rainy days or fair. Bubbles are such frail things, and yet there are so many ways of having fun with them—parties, contests, games, stunts. Of course, clay pipes will do, but clay pipes sometimes get dropped and broken, and then the fun is spoiled. Then, too, clay pipes blow just one kind of bubbles. So why use clay pipes when you can get an inexpensive bubble-blower that will not break, and which is especially constructed to blow sixteen different kinds of bubbles which may be made into hundreds of combinations. With it you can blow single, double, chain, cluster bubbles and bubbles within bubbles. And you couldn't do that with a clay pipe! All you need is a bowl of soapy water. And then such fun!

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 25c.



All Kinds of Toys by Mail—Little Folks, Salem, Mass.



WEE Men Must Stand Together for "Good Teeth—Good Health"

WHILE the wee men still have their first teeth, it is wise to use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

They like it because it tastes good—and it is *safe*. Wee men—and wee women, too—should be taught to clean their teeth with Colgate's every night at bed-time, and every morning.

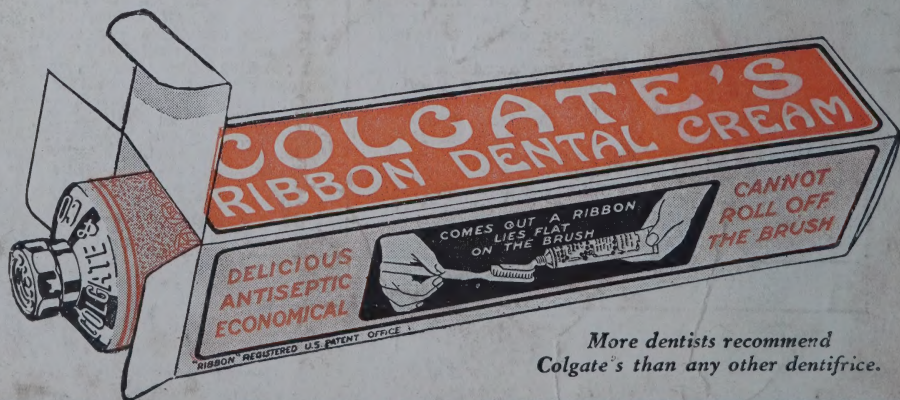
If the baby teeth are neglected, the

second teeth may not come in as they should. The six-year molar, the first permanent tooth, is the most important of all the teeth. See that it is not mistaken for one of the "baby teeth," and is guarded against decay.

Good teeth help to keep the boys and girls in good health.

For sale everywhere—
or generous trial tube
sent for 2c.

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More dentists recommend
Colgate's than any other dentifrice.